

MOONBEEB GRAIN

FRANCIS F. BROWNE

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Volunteer Grain

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By
Francis F. Browne



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To my Wife and Children

VOLUNTEER GRAIN

A FIELD of wavering grain
Wild grown on some unplanned, unplanted space,
Owning no fostering grace
Of husbandry save the free air and rain.

Not the well tended field
Whose soil, deep mellowed by the ploughman's share,
Full planted, tilled with care,
Gladdens the heart with its abundant yield.

But some fortuitous seeds,
Chance blown, wind scattered, falling by the way,
Growing as best they may,
Find soil and sun sufficient to their needs.

And though but little rife
With golden grain, or flowers that grow between,
This slender sheaf I glean
From the unplanted acres of my life.

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UNDER THE BLUE

THE skies are low, the winds are slow,
The woods are filled with Autumn glory ;
The mists are still on field and hill,
The brooklet sings its dreamy story.

I careless rove through glen and grove ;
I dream by hill and copse and river ;
Or in the shade by aspen made
I watch the restless shadows quiver.

I lift my eyes to azure skies
That shed their tinted glory o'er me ;
While memories sweet around me fleet,
As radiant as the scene before me.

Under the Blue

For while I muse upon the hues
Of Autumn skies in splendor given,
Sweet thoughts arise of rare deep eyes
Whose blue is like the blue of heaven.

Bend low, fair skies! Smile sweet, fair eyes!
From radiant skies rich hues are streaming;
But in the blue of pure eyes true
The radiance of my life is beaming.

O skies of blue! ye fade from view;
Faint grow the hues that o'er me quiver;
But the sure light of sweet eyes bright
Shines on forever and forever.

VANQUISHED

[DEATH OF GENERAL GRANT]

I.

Not by the ball or brand
Sped by a mortal hand,
Not by the lightning stroke
When fiery tempests broke, —
Not mid the ranks of War
Fell the great Conqueror.

II.

Unmoved, undismayed,
In the crash and carnage of the cannonade;
Eye that dimmed not, hand that failed not,
Brain that swerved not, heart that quailed
not,

Vanquished

Steel nerve, iron form, —
The dauntless spirit that o'erruled the
storm.

III.

While the Hero peaceful slept
A foeman to his chamber crept ;
Lightly to the slumberer came,
Touched his brow and breathed his name :
O'er the stricken form there past
Suddenly an icy blast.

IV.

The Hero woke : rose undismayed :
Saluted Death, and sheathed his blade.

V.

The Conqueror of a hundred fields
To a mightier Conqueror yields ;

Vanquished

No mortal foeman's blow
Laid the great Soldier low;
Victor in his latest breath —
Vanquished but by Death.

SANTA BARBARA

BETWEEN the mountains and the sea,
Walled by the rock, fringed by the foam,
A valley stretches fair and free
Beneath the blue of heaven's dome.

At rest in that fair valley lies
Saint Barbara, the beauteous maid ;
Above her head the cloudless skies
Smile down upon her charms displayed.

The sunlit mountains o'er her shed
The splendor of their purple tinge ;
While round her like a mantle spread
The blue seas with their silver fringe.

Santa Barbara

Enfolded in that soothing calm,
The earth seems sweet, and heaven near ;
The flowers bloom free, the air is balm,
And Summer rules the radiant year.

THE MESSAGE FROM JUDEA

ACROSS the years and distance wide,
Across the continent and the main,
Through all the changes that divide,
The message comes to us again

Of Him who, midst the accusing band
That stood the erring one before,
Stooped down and wrote with sinless hand
His law to sinners: *Sin no more.*

Oh, firmer than the sculptured stone
That sacred message ever stands,—
The one line writ by Him alone,
Eternal in the shifting sands.

The Message from Judea

Eternal, though the trampled mould
Had but a single hour sufficed
Within its fading shape to hold
The message of the living Christ.

For glad tongues spread it far and wide,
And told it o'er and o'er again ;
And thus it ever shall abide,
Engraven in the hearts of men.

He loved not sin, yet he forgave
The doer of the deed abhorred ;
His justice lifted hands to save,
Not menaced with a glittering sword.

In laws of love he did descry
Our frail humanity's best hope ;
Not in the rule of eye for eye,—
Not in the axe, the stake, the rope.

The Message from Judea

O ye who take Christ's name, yet fear
To follow where he led the way,
Why should you doubt his precepts clear
For guidance in your little day?

Think well, amidst your fear or wrath,
If Christ were with you now, as then,
Would he approve the doom of death
Invoked upon your fellow-men?

Oh, if indeed to do his will
And walk his ways be your desire,
Seek not to make his good an ill,
Mercy a cheat, and Christ a liar.

If wrong could ever right a wrong,
Or life could be by death restored,
How had the ills the centuries throng
Been banished from Thy earth, O Lord!

The Message from Judea

Oh, listen to the gentler voice

That bids all hate and violence cease ;

And trust sad Earth may yet rejoice

Within the blessed reign of peace.

RETROGRESSION

OH, let thick mists the earth enshroud,
And the great sun withdraw his light,
And fall from every lowering cloud
The darkness of the elder Night.

Let sea and sky together close,
Till both commingle into gloom;
And pitying heaven weep with those
That follow Freedom to the tomb.

Weep, Nature, for thy perverse child,
Thy youngest, Man; whose father, Time,
Dowered him with passions fierce and wild,—
A heritage from out the slime

Retrogression

Where his progenitors maintained
Existence by unceasing strife,
And slowly through the ages strained
Their way to higher forms of life,—

Of which, we said, our race and age
Were the consummate flower and fruit . . .
Now our old savage heritage
Asserts in us the latent brute ;

And brutal instincts overpower
Reason's imponderable play,
And Manhood's finer forces cower
Before the primal passions' sway.

Whereof the deadliest and the worst
Is Fear, — the parent-passion vile,
Of all the hateful brood accurst
That can the selfish heart defile :

Retrogression

Fear, Hatred, Wrath, the coward-lust
Of Vengeance ; Truth discredited,
Till Justice is no longer just,
Reason is drunk, and Honor dead ;

And Mercy fears to speak aloud
The plea that withers on her lips ;
Pale Pity stands with forehead bowed,
And Faith's pure star is in eclipse.

Men tremble, and their spirits quail
Before Opinion's tyrant might ;
When lower Self bears down the scale,
The higher Self rejects the right.

And still must rage the horrid feud
Inherent in our being's law ;
The arbitry of Bad and Good
By wager of the tooth and claw.

Retrogression

Opposing forces up and down
Shall sway us till the end of time ;
These fit us for an angel's crown, —
Those drag us backward to the slime.

Oh, well may mists the earth enshroud,
And the great sun be veiled in gloom,
And tears fall thick from every cloud,
When Hope sits dumb by Freedom's
tomb.

BUGLE-ECHOES

ACROSS the years, full rounded to a score
Since Peace, advancing with her olive wand,
Restored the sunshine to our desolate land,
Come thronging back the memories of war:
Again the drums beat and the cannons roar,
And patriot fires by every breeze are fanned,
And pulses quicken with a purpose grand,
As Manhood's forces swell to ampler store.
Again the camp, the field, the march, the
 strife,
The joy of victory, the bitter pain
Of wounds and sore defeat; the anguish rife
In tears that fall for the unnumbered slain,
And homes where darkened is the light of
 life, —
All these the echoing bugle brings again.

DEAD BEYOND THE SEA

[G. P. B.]

As a far landscape when the clouds are
clearing

Closer to us appears,
The far-off vistas of my youth seem nearing
Across a mist of tears.

Glimpses of old familiar scenes are flitting,
And old familiar faces;
And the old schoolroom, and old school-
mates sitting
In the old familiar places.

Dead Beyond the Sea

I roam once more those boyhood realms
Elysian;
I dream Youth's dreams again, —
Till I awake; and through the fading vision
Comes back the bitter pain.

Where are they now, those comrades brave
and cheery?
Where journey they afar,
Or rest their wandering feet, grown worn
and weary,
In stranger clime, or star?

And where is he, the Friend above all
others,
For whom I shed these tears?
Boyhood's companion, tenderest of brothers,
Loved of my later years!

Dead Beyond the Sea

In mutual sympathy and aspiration
Our hearts were ever led . . .
Now among strangers of a foreign nation
My dearest Friend lies dead.

I have no lack of other friends to cheer me,
Of sympathy no lack ;
Yet ever from the kindly faces near me
My thoughts will wander back.

My children wile me with their innocent
graces,
And throng about my knee ;
But still I gaze beyond their happy faces,
Across the desolate sea.

Must all the memories of early pleasures
Be cherished amidst tears?

Dead Beyond the Sea

O ruthless Time ! give back the plundered
treasures, —

Give back the vanished years !

I strain dim eyes and stretch weak hands in
yearning

Across the widening sea

O'er which I nevermore shall see returning

Youth and my Friend to me.

Tears for the dead ; and for the living, pity ;

. The Past is past for aye :

My Friend lies dead in that far German city,

And I am old and gray.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Not in the meeting of the hands alone,
Nor ripples of a casual courtesy
Above the deeps of thought unstirred that
lie, —

Not thus, O Master, is your purport
known

To those who in your printed pages own,
More than hand-clasp or meeting eye to eye,
'A presence that is not to be put by,'
Speaking more clearly than your voice's
tone.

And thus you go not from us in your going;
Some Tree of Truth, from seed cast by your
hand,

Matthew Arnold

Green-canopied, shall spread its branches
wide,
Its gracious effluence far around bestowing,
A shadow and refuge in a weary land :
So shall your living Self with us abide.

INFRUITION

IN Winter, when we're musing
On happy days of Spring, —
On charms that wait our choosing,
And pleasures quickening,—
How chill the sunshine glows
Upon the Wintry snows !

In Springtime, when we're longing
For brighter days of bloom, —
Impatient for the thronging
Of pleasures soon to come, —
How tender buds are lost
In Spring's delaying frost !

In Summer, when we're sighing
For the refreshing rain, —

Infruition

For blossoms that are dying,
For pleasures turned to pain, —
How all our green hopes scorch
In the blaze of Summer's torch!

In Autumn, when we're grieving
O'er days of Summer fled, —
Thinking of joys we're leaving,
And pleasures that are dead, —
How cold the gray cloud lies
Under the Autumn skies!

In the unending seasons
Of slow revolving years, —
The faiths that fade in treasons,
The pleasures tombed in tears, —
How heavy is the pall
Of Life, that droops o'er all!

BRYANT'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

O POET whom our grandsires loved,
And whom our sires revered and praised,
Not less do we, — last of the three
Of generations thou hast graced.

Still in our children's hearts shall chime
The echoes of thy deathless song;
And though we sleep, their love will keep
Still green thy laurels, worn so long.

So hast thou everlasting life:
Though nations fade, the poet free
Shall live; and still his utterance thrill
The generations yet to be.

Bryant's Eightieth Birthday

O patriarch of the poet throng!
Not simply have thy singer's arts,
Nor golden store of scholar's lore,
Endeared thee to the people's hearts.

To think is much, to be is more;
The first is great, the last is good;
On thee we place the crowning grace
Of universal brotherhood.

Thy love for God is love for man,
And love for God's works, good and fair;
And not one jot shall be forgot,—
For Nature knows her worshipper.

The Eastern pines thy love shall sing
Across the land, to where, profound
By Western steeps, the wild wave sweeps,
That, save its dashing, hears no sound.

Bryant's Eightieth Birthday

The trees thy loving care didst tend
Shall blossom still ; and still shall run
The laughing rills among the hills
And sunny vales of Cummington.

And Roslyn's fields be fair again
With bloom, as in those marvellous hours
When thou, thy heart from cares apart,
Walked lovingly among the flowers.

And Roslyn's woods be all atune
With birds that warble forth thy name
In Springtime's green, or Summer's sheen,
Or in the Autumn's tints of flame.

Sing forth his name, pour out his praise,
O woods and streams, O birds and flowers!
Repeat, repeat his numbers sweet ;
His love and fame are yours and ours.

ON AN UNFORTUNATE LOVER

WILD spirit of fire, whose flame too fiercely
burned;

Appointed sufferer, chosen to tread the press
Whose purple streams pour only bitterness;
Unhappy lover, whose strong nature yearned
For the full measure of love its love had
earned,

And loved too true to be content with
less,—

Whose life was shattered by his passion's
stress,

His faiths betrayed, and hopes to ashes
turned.

Let happy husbands, on wild desolate nights
When stars are hidden and the tempests
rave,

On an Unfortunate Lover

Turning to the fond eyes of trustful wives,
Think on his hunger for the heart's delights,
Think with compassion on his lonely grave,
And think with gratitude on their happier
lives.

THE DEATH OF LONGFELLOW

‘O ye dead poets, who are living still,
Immortal in your verse.’ — LONGFELLOW.

WE mourn for those whose laurels fade,
Whose greatness in the grave is laid ;
Whose memory few will care to keep,
Whose names, forgotten, soon shall sleep ;
We mourn life’s vainness, as we bow
O’er folded hands and icy brow.

Dark is the grief of those whose faith
Is bounded by the shores of Death ;
From out whose mists of doubt and gloom
No rainbow arches o’er the tomb
Where Love’s last tribute of a tear
Lies with dead flowers upon the bier.

The Death of Longfellow

O thou revered, beloved ! not yet,
With funeral bells, with eyes tear-wet,
With faltering pulses, do we lay
Thy greatness in the grave away ;
Not Auburn's consecrated ground
Can hold the life that wraps thee round.

Still shall thy gentle presence prove
Its ministry of hope and love ;
Thy tender tones be heard within
The story of Evangeline ;
And by the Fireside, midst the rest,
Thou oft shalt be a welcome guest.

Again the Mystery shall be clear ;
The august Tuscan's shade appear ;
Moved by thy impulse, we shall feel
New longings for thy high ideal,
And under all thy forms of art
Feel beatings of a human heart.

The Death of Longfellow

As in our dreams we follow thee
With longing eyes Beyond the Sea,
We see thee on some loftier height,
Across whose trembling bridge of light
Our Voices of the Night are borne,
Irradiate with the light of morn.

O happy Poet ! Thine is not
A portion in the common lot :
Thy works shall follow thee ; thy verse
Shall still thy living thoughts rehearse ;
The ages shall to thee belong
In immortality of Song.

IDEALS

[SCHILLER]

AND wilt thou, truant-like, thus leave me,
With all thy visions of delight?
The joys that soothe, the ills that grieve
me, —

Will nothing stay their rapid flight?
Alas, how quick the time is going!
Youth's precious hours, how fast they flee!
The waves of Life are swiftly flowing
Into Eternity's great sea.

The radiance of those suns is banished,
That lighted once my youthful quest;
And all the bright ideals are vanished,
That filled with joy my swelling breast;

Ideals

And vanished is the sweet confiding
In forms my fancy did portray :
Reality, a robber hiding,
Has made my fairest hopes his prey.

As with a wild resistless passion
Pygmalion did a stone embrace,
Till tides of love, in human fashion,
Suffused the marble's icy face,
So I, with youthful love's devotion,
Embraced all Nature as my own ;
Until she warmed to life and motion,
My ardent poet breast upon.

And in my fiery ardor sharing,
Mute Nature then a language found,
Returning with a zeal unsparing
The love that filled my being's bound.

Ideals

Trees were alive to me, and flowers ;
Each silvery fall sang soft and low ;
Quickened to life all Nature's powers,
From my own being's overflow.

With that celestial rapture swelling,
My narrow breast a world enclosed ;
Which strove to burst its bounds, outwelling
In forms where Beauty's self reposed.
How glorious seemed the world before me,—
An opening bud, all fresh and green :
Alas, how few, as years rolled o'er me,
And worthless, have its blossoms been !

How upon wings of boldest daring,
Happy in dreams his fancies yield,
The youth, undoubting and uncaring,
Flew eager to Life's thronging field !

Ideals

Up to the farthest planet burning,
My striving pinions swept their way ;
No height could hasten my returning,
Or bid my ardent purpose stay.

How easy then seemed my advancing !
Youth's course unhindered swept along ;
While by Life's chariot blithely dancing
Appeared a bright celestial throng :
First, Love, with her sweet compensations ;
Then, Fortune, with her golden hoard ;
And Glory, crowned with constellations ;
And Truth, with sunlight overpoured.

But yet ere half the journey ended,
That radiant company was gone ;
Those faces that my way attended,
Disloyal, left me one by one.

Ideals

By Fortune was I first deserted ;
 Wisdom brought Disappointment's ruth ;
And Doubt's dark cloud hid the averted
 And sunlit countenance of Truth.

I saw the laurel wreaths of Glory
 Degraded upon foreheads low ;
And all too soon Love's tender story
 Had vanished in the Long Ago.
While evermore was silent growing,
 And lonelier, my rugged way, —
Hardly the faintest glimmer showing
 Hope's radiance fading like the day.

Of all that company so splendid,
 One only steadfast has remained,
And ever at my side attended,
 Faithful till Life's last heights are gained :

Ideals

Thou, Friendship, with thy touch caressing
And healing every aching wound,
With health and comfort ever blessing, —
Thou who wert earliest sought and found.

And thou, the friendly task inspiring
That helps to calm the soul's fierce strife,
Thou, Industry, that, never tiring,
Upbuilds the edifice of Life,
And on Eternity's foundation
One atom on another rears,
Yet from Nature's great obligation
Cancels the minutes, days, and years.

CARCASSONNE

[GUSTAVE NADAUD]

‘I’M an old man ; I’m sixty years ;
 I’ve worked hard all my life,
Yet never have gained my heart’s desire,
 With all my toil and strife.
Ah, well I see that here below
 There is perfect joy for none ;
My dearest wish is unfulfilled, —
 I have never seen Carcassonne !

‘The city lies almost in sight,
 Beyond the mountains blue ;
But yet to reach it one must needs
 Five weary leagues pursue.

Carcassonne

And then, alas, the journey back !
I know not how 't were done :
The ripening vintage fears the frost, —
I shall never see Carcassonne !

'T is said that in that favored place
All days are holidays,
With happy folks in robes of white
Passing along the ways ;
'T is said there are castles there as grand
As those of Babylon,
And a Bishop and two Generals there, —
I shall never know Carcassonne !

'The Vicar a hundred times is right, —
We are weak and foolish all ;
And in his sermon he teaches us
That ambition makes men fall. . . .

Carcassonne

But yet if I could somehow find
Two days under Autumn's sun,
My God! but I would die content
After having seen Carcassonne!

'I ask Thy pardon, gracious God,
If my prayer offendeth Thee!
We strive to peer beyond our sight,
In age as in infancy. . . .
My wife and son, they both have been
As far as to Narbonne;
My godson has seen Perpignan, —
And I've never seen Carcassonne!'

.

An aged peasant thus complained,
Bowed down with toil and care.
I said to him, 'Arise, my friend;
Together we'll go there.'

Carcassonne

We set out on the morrow morn ;
But our journey was scarce begun
When the old man died upon the road, —
He had never seen Carcassonne !

BALLAD OF BOOKS UNBORN

SAD is the fate of him whose books
Unkind reviewers maim and kill ;
Whose heartstrings quiver in the hooks
That show their cold dissecting skill ;
They work on him their wanton will,
While all his tenderest hopes are torn :
But, ah, there 's something sadder still
In thinking of the books unborn !

The wounded author may find nooks
Secluded, by some vale or rill,
Where nevermore the critic rooks
Can rend him with their inky bill ;

Ballad of Books Unborn

But, oh, what solace for the ill
Of hope deferred that waits forlorn
To feel the parent raptures thrill
Of books that yet remain unborn !

The would-be author, whose fond looks
Turn ever to Fame's sunlit hill,
Chafes at defeat, and sorely brooks
The fate that makes his triumphs *nil*.
He loathes the phrase, politely chill,
'Declined with thanks.' So let him mourn,
Whose bosom disappointments fill
For books that never may be born.

L'Envoi.

Princes (who publish books), distill
Some drops of pity, not of scorn,
For those poor toilers of the quill
Whose books are waiting to be born !

TO THE AUTHOR OF 'OLD-WORLD
IDYLLS'

[A VALENTINE]

A NIMBLE wit, fancy's abundant flow,
Neatness of touch, an airy *verve* or 'go,'
Humor and pathos blending smiles with
tears,

A sympathy with common hopes and fears,
Sincerity that reinforces art
With wisdom studied from the human
heart,—

Such are the gifts and graces that combine
To lend a charm to Dobson's sparkling
line.

A POET AND HIS INTERVIEWER

OUR dear ex-Minister Russell Lowell
Can't make our modern prospects show well ;
Thinks all our days are fallen on evil,
And we are going to the devil ;
Lamenting like that dubious frump,
A universalist Mugwump.
He grumbles at Professor Huxley
Because he can't tell what makes ducks lay,
Nor bridge with solid fact the chasm
'Twixt us and primal protoplasm ;
He hates to see us merge afar in
The monkey pedigrees of Darwin,—
Referring all our powers extensile
Back to that ancestor prehensile

A Poet and his Interviewer

Who hung head foremost from the boughs
And chattered with his ring-tailed spouse.
All this, and more, our scholar-poet
(Whose verses never fail to show wit,
Though now and then a bit pedantic)
Sets forth at length in 'The Atlantic,'
With humor keen, and satire drastic,
And rhyme and metre Hudibrastic.

Yet while he views with grave concern
Our pedigrees that downward turn
(Or upward) from a modern flunkey
Back to a patriarchal monkey,
There's one thing that he does n't show,
We'd give up all the rest to know:
If he were going to air his views
Of English cronies, would he choose
For confidant an ape or flunkey —
An 'interviewer' or a monkey?

GREETING TO LOWELL

(*A hint to Chicago.*) We welcome to-day
A visitor who, though but brief be his stay
In our Western metropolis, yet should
 receive
A greeting will make him reluctant to leave.
A sincere, unobtrusive, unforced hospitality
Will no doubt please him more than too
 great prodigality
Of attentions, or keeping too much on the
 go,
Or making too great an exertion to show
How unique the career of our wonderful
 city,
Which is still in its infancy (more is the
 pity).

Greeting to Lowell

Don't pile up statistics, — the schooners and
 brigs
That enter our port, or the number of pigs
And of cattle and other brutes killed in a
 year;
And especially let us keep well in the rear
Those two-legged animals that make their
 jaw go,
Incessantly braying the praise of Chicago.
Spare our guest the details of our startling
 chronology,
And stand as we are, without brag or
 apology.
He will find a community, though hard at
 work,
Not engaging *en masse* in the packing of
 pork,
With a few here and there who have even
 inferred

Greeting to Lowell

There are some things in life that are nobler
than lard.

We shall find him — but who in our midst
does not know him ?

If such creature exists, fetch him out, let us
show him !

No one but a dense and confirmed igno-
ramus

Could deny that he knew of an author so
famous ;

Or even if literature set its bar sinister

On him, he would know our distinguished
ex-Minister, —

He who at the fashionable Court of St. James
Moved, a gentleman born, with the lords
and the dames ;

And while it was not to his taste to geologize
Among buried scores, yet he did not apolo-
gize

Greeting to Lowell

For the plain words he'd said when our
 hearts were all full

Of anger and bitterness toward John Bull.

With the whole human race his quick sym-
 pathies ever ran,

Yet he is, first and foremost of all, an
 American;

And while his survey is as wide as crea-
 tion,

He keeps in the foreground the great
 Yankee nation.

For his country his genius rose highest, and
 glowed

In his 'Crisis,' and 'Washers,' and memo-
 rial Ode;

These poems flashed out like a fire in the
 dark,

And went straight to our hearts as a ball to
 its mark.

Greeting to Lowell

In prose or in verse, how he makes words
effectual ;

What a vigor he has, this athlete intellectual!

Then how charming his fancy, how brilliant
his jest,

How flashing his wit, in his quips what a
zest !

How delicious his humor!—may the moment
come slow

When we cease to admire dear old Hosea
Bigelow.

As poet and patriot, teacher and scholar,
His career stands as full and as round as a
dollar ;

And clearly among the immortals who
grace

American letters, he holds a first place.

Nulli secundus : there always will show well

Greeting to Lowell

Beside our best names, that of James
Russell Lowell.

May each year that passes more lightly
assess him,

And the prayer of our hearts will be ever,
God bless him.

WELCOME THE PRESIDENT

Not as some conquering Hero comes,
With noise of trumpet and of drums,
And many a battle-scar,
And trophies gained in war,—

But in his civic honors great,
We welcome our Chief Magistrate ;
Let banners wave, bands play,
And all be joy to-day.

Not to the warrior chief alone
A people's homage should be shown.
New times need leaders new ;
Peace hath her victories too.

Welcome the President

Honor the man whose simple art
Trusts the good rule, *Act well your part* ;
The man of ready power
To fit Occasion's hour ;

Of steady brain, of tireless hand,
Of will to work whate'er is planned ;
Of steady purpose true
His honest task to do.

Such is the man whose simple strength
Has won the People's heart at length,
That all with glad intent
Welcome their President ;

And open wide their stores and marts,
And open wide their doors and hearts,
And proudly greet the guest
Of the hospitable West.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

[HYMN FOR THE UNION LEAGUE CELEBRATION,
CHICAGO, 1887]

LIGHT that led our Fathers' ways,
Guide us in these later days.

Once again on Freedom's shrine
Burn the oil and pour the wine.

Pledge the faith of Washington —
For our Country we are one.

South and North and East and West,
Patriot zeal fill every breast.

West and East and South and North,
Fling the Nation's banner forth.

Washington's Birthday

Discord and dissension cease ;
Liberty and Law increase,

As of old the legend ran, —
Freedom and the Rights of Man.

Through the Southland's paradise
To Alaska's realms of ice,

Over Western prairies wide
To the glad Pacific's side,

Freedom's breath waft sweet perfume
From Washington's immortal tomb.

Patriots of our happier time,
Keep the trinity sublime

That in dreams our Fathers saw, —
Union, Liberty, and Law.

THE WICKED FISHERMAN

[TO A FELLOW-ANGLER : G. M. M.]

THAT man a perilous course doth keep,
Swept on like tides of Fundy,
Who preys, while others pray (or sleep),
Upon the trout on Sunday.

A prayer or sermon, led by some
Good psalm-tune like old 'Dundee,'
His sinful state would more become
Than catching trout on Sunday.

Has he no dread of what is said
By pious Mrs. Grundy? —
'How ever can that wicked man
Go fishing on a Sunday?'

The Wicked Fisherman

But there's an angler shrewd as he
 (And craftier could none be),
Who sets a bait for sinners straight
 That fishing go on Sunday.

Then let him heed his wicked deed,
 Put by his rod till Monday,
Or he'll be fish for the Devil's dish,
 And served up hot some Sunday.

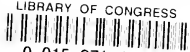
VISTAS

[LINES ON A FLY-LEAF: TO M. B. A.]

As one in city streets, amidst the noise,
The din and tumult of the discordant
scene,
Viewing a lovely flower, yearns for the joys
Of roaming free o'er fields of living
green,—

So in my dusty ways of toil and care,
This book, O Friend, brings to my
fancy's flights
Longings for larger quests amidst these fair
And splendid fields thick blossoming with
delights.

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